/52 cont./

123 609 the tree skeleton, as though the man were dancing there like a cannibal in a show booth. "Bakaïrí ...," I commence once more, when luckily Antonio comes bounding up with mighty leaps, and, half out of breath from excitement, he for his part now shouts a long explanation downriver, which again I do not understand, but which releases a grateful howl of exultation on the part of the entrenched hero and clarifies the situation as though by a stroke of magic.

The canoe shot out of its hiding place and hastened [501] at once, a fine, long, dry bark-canoe, toward our sad, [29] crooked, wax-plastered, loam-smeared vessel laved with [411] dirty water -- truly, I thought, we were the ones who were entering the sphere of a higher culture here; even though the noble boatman was dressed with only a belt-cord and carried with him nothing but the neatly worked, feather-trimmed arrows and the bow which lay on the floor of the canoe beside a calabash filled with honey, nevertheless in its trimness and cleanliness this total picture gliding toward us contrasted most advantageously with us ragged bearers of civilization beside the piece of wet-rot bark that was called our boat. Well, the newcomer clearly showed by his facial expression that for his part he nevertheless admired us.

123 152 He did not behave at all like the silent, gloomy Indian whose soul, as I might have expected on the basis of our school-wisdom, reflected the monotonous, oppressive environment of the tropical forest; rather, he laughed /53/ and chatted with his fellow tribesman Antonio as though he had [576] grown up in a fortunate country of the temperate zone. In a few minutes we were good friends; at my urging he even told us his name, which, of course, according to the custom of his country, he could not do without modest hemming and 55 622 hawing. His name was Tumayaua and he was the chief of a village of the Bakaïrí a few hours away.

123 609 Thus actually of the Bakaïrí! The hope of the past weeks was fulfilled, we entered our research area among a good-natured little people well known to us, and our debut

/57 cont./

487 the northeast a wide path through tall sapé grass, with which the
[824] houses are covered, to the river rapids below, toward the south
361] a path to the mandioca planting, and everywhere tall forest moved in close to the inhabited and planted clearing.

162 The community numbered nine men, seven women, five
621 children. The names of the men were: Tumayaua, the chief,
● 551 our guide, who was primarily responsible for the planting (Pl.
[463] 6).[1] Paleko, his father, a charming old gentleman, with whom I struck up a close friendship and who in his declining years plaited baskets and fish weirs, Alakuai, the shrewd carpenter and canoe-builder, Awia, the painter, Yapü, the fat one, Kalawaku, the modest one, and the young men Kulekule,
[574] Luchu (Pl. 6), and Pauhaga. After a few days a couple of visitors came from the second village, among them one whose parents had died young and who therefore -- had no name.

The names of the women were not to be discovered: "pekóto úra" was the regular answer, "I am a woman." Thus
162 I have had to /58/ invent my own designations here; there was,
621 as always, an old woman who had a great deal to say and who, with her lean wrinkled body, was not exactly beautiful, the "tribal witch," Paleko's wife (see Pl. 5, left).[2] Her antithesis was her granddaughter "Eva," Tumayaua's daughter, mother of two children and the youthful wife of the muscular, magnificently strongly built Kulekule, who, before I knew his name, seemed to me worthy of being called "Adam" in this little paradise and also possessed a fine yellowish-red loam color.
[142] Eva had a finely chiseled European face with full lips, pale rosy cheeks which were closely framed with wavy hair, and the most beautiful eyes that I saw in Brazil -- and that is saying not a little -- large eyes whose sweet /Fig. 2 appears here/ glance contained no coquetry at all, but in whose radiant fire, with a full, naïvely tender upward glance, glowed that spark of innocent lust that must once upon a time have kindled the eternal fires of the universe; thus, with a body never mistreated by any lacing, she really looked like a young Mother Eva. Unfortunately, she scratched her head far too often,

[1] [See P. 40--Analyst]
[2] [See P. 28--Analyst]

/333 cont./

*171 437 Bakaïrí translated the Portuguese word comprar, "to buy," as yekadile, "to sit down." Trade is therefore still an exchange of hospitable gifts. But this has its origin only in the level of culture, *171 574 577 not in nobility of character. The Indian is not at all hospitable in the sense that he feels greatly honored by the visit and feels absolutely obliged to entertain lavishly with beijús and drinks. For this effort he would certainly like a reciprocal one; he soon becomes impatient if the guest is staying only because living is cheap, and he frankly asks him to leave the village. It is even reported in the Bakaïrí legends, along with the invention of the dance, that the people who were invited and entertained had given gifts of arrows and string. Our travel companions undoubtedly offered us fish en route /334/ only when they themselves were satisfied, and it was not the best beijús which they left for us. [186] The endless talk among themselves as to whether this or that tribe was "kúra" clearly shows that they were only naïvely hospitable; there was always the greatest gratification when we declared a tribe to be "kurápa," because this meant that for our part we had done less business with that one. They praised themselves far too much for the recipient to be able to believe in the pure virtue of the unselfish savage.

*171 123 437 Our matter-of-fact, businesslike way of exchanging one object for another was at first completely new to all the tribes. They quickly learned, however. Nevertheless, the funniest enormities occurred. One man gathered up a handful of mangabas and then impetuously demanded a large knife. One wanted to have beads in exchange for the bandaging of his hand. Only if it were explained to them that one had but a single specimen of an object was one not bothered further.

*171 55 [553] Names. The son, soon after birth, is given the name of the grandfather, uncle, or an ancestor, not that of the father. The names among the Bakaïrí are animal names in part, but I believe only a small part. The following are the only ones whose meaning I understand: Luchu, for example, is a water snake; the native name of Chief Reginaldo on the Rio Novo was izána = cayman; an old man in Igueti was named póne = black piranha.

/334 cont./

*171 One of the women in the Paranatinga village was called makála =
● 55 tujujú stork. The names of the men were usually obtained with-
[124] out difficulty; sometimes there was a little reluctance and it was preferred that a friend give the information. One Bakaïrí allegedly had no name because his parents had died early. From the women on the Kulisehu I always received only the answer, "I am a woman"; however, I neglected to ask a third person.

*171 I have described the custom of exchanging names; cf. pages 115
553 and 122. It explains why the Indians make so little fuss about
797 submitting to Christian baptism. To them it means simply a ceremony by means of which they lose their old name.

*171 Birth and couvade. Abortions are said to take place fre-
844 quently. The women are afraid of childbirth. Among the
[849] Bakaïrí they make a tea from the root of a campo tree called
[272] perovinha. Probably there are also mechanical procedures. The woman gives birth in a kneeling position on the floor, hanging on to a post. The hammock is not supposed to be soiled. Women who demonstrated this to us in pantomime and who knew about it from experience stated emphatically that the pains were great.

*171 They soon get up, however, and go to work, and the man goes
846 through the well-known couvade, the male lying-in, during which he adheres to a strict diet, does not touch weapons, and spends most of his time in the hammock. On our return we saw such a couvade in Maigéri in Paleko's house. An actual lying-in room had been /335/ set up by stretching two man-high walls of hanging buriti leaves from one of the main posts to the outer wall. In this way a three-cornered segment was closed off. I was gladly allowed to enter so that I could give the child beads. Inside there were stretched four hammocks, sheltering two women with babies and two men. A strong odor of pikí, coming from rubbings, filled the room. The babies were kurápa, ill, weak,
[755] the parents complained. The fathers and mothers were ceaselessly occupied with blowing on them, and, to be sure, with hollow-sounding noises with the mouth nearly closed, which was hardly interrupted for a moment throughout the following night. The
[514] husbands left the house only to relieve themselves; they lived
[262] exclusively on thin pogu, mandioca cakes crumbled in water.

/28 cont./

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[113]

Sept. 1926 bis Aug. 1928
/Results of My Two Year Exploratory
Trip in Mato Grosso. Sept. 1926
to Aug. 1928/," pp. 86-88.
Zeitschrift fur Ethnologie,
Annual Set 60, Heft 1/3.

114
115

In Cuiabá I had already encountered some Bakairí who had come from Simões Lopes with a herd of oxen to the capital. Since at that time the revolutionaries, led by /Luiz Carlos/ Prestes, were passing through Mato Grosso and also were making the vicinity of Cuiabá insecure, these Bakairí were prevented from undertaking their return journey for the same reason I was unable to carry out my projected trip to Simões Lopes. They were four men and one boy of ten, and when they visited me one day in my house, it turned out that one of these Indians, called Marcellino Caminago, or by his native name, Palugude, came from the second Bakairí aldea on the Rio Kulisehu. At the time of my stay in this aldea 26 years earlier, he had been a small boy, but he still remembered me well. It was interesting to note how this memory gradually came back to him when I played on my violin the same melody that I had played many times in the Maimaieti aldea among the Kulisehu Bakairí. He asked one of the other Bakairí what my name was, and when I told him that my name was "Doctor Macimo," he knew at once that his memory had not deceived him and he greeted me as an old acquaintance. Naturally, from this moment on he frequented my house with his small son, Lorenzo, whose native name was Kaiura, and with the other Bakairí, and since some /29/ of these Bakairí were quite familiar with the Portuguese language I had a good chance to take down linguistic notes and to obtain at this time exact data on the changes which had taken place with respect to conditions among the Bakairí since my former journey. Among other news they told me that old Cacique Reginaldo had lived on for a long time and had

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Bacairi. SP7.
Mato Grosso SP1

B 464 [551] Nine canoemen, recommended by Major Noronha, were recruited from the Bakairi. The nine included Paghuli, or Marcellino, and Apacanu, both of whom had lived on the Kuluseu before the withdrawal of the Bakairi to the post. Both of these men can speak Anahukua to some [191] [396] extent, and are the only men who know how to make bark canoes. Unfortunately, their Portuguese is poor, necessitating another interpreter. Their knowledge and skill in matters of river travel made them invaluable, however.

B 501 The Bakairi have the reputation of being the best canoemen of the region. The children are taught to paddle from infancy, and become extremely skillful in paddling the clumsy and heavy canoes. The paddle used is short and narrow, and a quick, short stroke is employed, the paddler shifting his paddle from one side to the other with every two or three strokes. Steering is accomplished more by the bowman than by the man in the stern. The use of the stern paddle as a rudder is not well understood. Poling is resorted to by the man in the bow when going up the stream, in which case the efforts of the man in the stern are given to guiding the canoe, which is accomplished by quick shifting of the paddling from one side to the other. Among the Bakairi, as indeed among all of the aborigines encountered, the women are as good paddlers as the men, but they never were seen poling.

* * * *

B M 114 As soon as our personnel was completed, with the addition of a young Italian explorer, Giacomo Anzil, who had been forced to abandon his project to reach the Amazon upon reaching the post, our baggage was transferred to the backs of oxen and mules, which were to transport it to the Kulusen river. The men not concerned with driving the oxen went afoot. It was indeed an odd caravan. Mounted men busy with the oxen, men afoot carrying bows and arrows and guns, long-horned oxen, small mules, filed in a long line across the wastes of the plateau. All of the men wore a red kerchief wound about the head, and the usual bantering conversation was carried on. The Bakairi, of course, wore trousers [177] [29] and shirts, and even sandals made of old automobile tires, in imitation of the Brazilian camaradas.

As we moved eastward and slightly north, it became more often necessary to build bridges for the animals, across small but high-banked